

# Lapland Song.

By Sir M. W. Ridley. *71*

THE snows are dissolving on TORNE's rude side,  
And the ice of LULHEA flows down the dark tide!  
Thy dark streams, O LULHEA! flow freely away,  
And the snow-drop unfolds her pale beauties to day.

Remote, the keen terrors of Winter retire,  
Where the North's dancing streamers relinquish their fire;  
Where the Sun's genial beams swell the bud on the tree,  
And ENNA chaunts forth her wild warblings with glee.

The rein-deer, unharnes'd, in freedom shall play,  
And safely o'er ODON's steep precipice stray:  
The wolfe to the forest's recesses shall fly,  
And howl to the moon as she glides thro' the sky.

Then haste my fair LHEA; ah! hast to the grove;  
And pass the sweet season in rapture and love:  
In youth let our bosoms with ecstasy glow,  
For the winter of life ne'er a transport can know.

